

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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HOW SHALL CHILDREN DO GOOD?

CHILDREN often say, "How can we do any good? We should like to do some good to the poor, but how can we? We do not possess any thing of our own. We go to our father and mother, and they give us something to give to the poor; but it is not our gift, and if they tell us what to do for them, it is not our thought, it was all their plan; it cannot be called our charity." The children are right; they cannot give, they cannot form intelligent and practical plans for the relief of the sufferers in this world. I knew a little girl who felt so much pain because she had nothing to give, that she was in the habit every day, of asking her mother to give her what she thought right for her to eat, and then she set apart a certain portion of it, to give to the poor, who came to the house to ask alms, and she felt, and she had a right to feel, that she gave something that was her own; and she had earned this pleasure by self-sacrifice, and though it may seem a small thing, it was in fact a great principle that she illustrated.

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But it is certainly true, that giving, in the common acceptation of the term, is not in the power of children; they have not the means, and if they had, they have not the discretion and wisdom that is required to bestow favors. What they have, either of money or of wisdom, they receive from those on whom they depend.

But have children then nothing to give? Can they do no good in the world? Do they receive all, and bestow nothing? Are they quite cut off from the enjoyment of that purest of all pleasures, the feeling that one heavy heart is the lighter for their love and kindness? May they not cherish the divine ambition to bless others less happy than themselves? May they not be allowed to bring their little urns also, and pour them into the stream of human joy? Oh yes! children may do much: Life, true life, happiness, like Joseph's coat, is of many colors.

They can always give that, which every human heart craves and welcomes, and which every happy child possesses in its own right, and can bestow upon another. Love flows from the heart of a little child as purely, and as freely, as from the heart of the profoundest philosopher, and it is like the dew of heaven upon the parched ground, it can revive the failing heart and wake up the flowers of life in the most barren places; it can lighten the heaviest load; it seems like the voice of God to his suffering children, bidding them not to despair.

Suppose yourself a sufferer from extreme poverty, and that some one who considered it a duty to help you, gives you such aid as you need, but coldly, and unkindly, with no word of sympathy or pity for you, and another, perhaps a poor little child, breaks its small crust of bread, and gives you half of it with words of love, and tears of sorrow that he has no more to give;—who would you feel was your true benefactor?

What is the worst and bitterest feeling in the heart of the sufferer? It is often the idea that he is an outcast, that no one cares for him, that the feast of life is spread out for all but him. All the happy turn away from him. Give him food, and give him clothes, and if you do not give him kindness and sympathy, he regards them not. Make him feel that you recognize him as your brother, and the meanest flower that you may chance to drop at his feet would be precious to him. But you will say, "How can I feel love towards all the poor sufferers in the world?" I reply, "How did Jesus learn to feel for all mankind?" He doubtless during his childhood and early youth studied the great law of the brotherhood of man, till that divine love grew in his heart, which prepared him for his heavenly ministry, and then he poured it forth in all its fulness upon the sufferers around him. "Tell John," he said to the messengers who would know if he was the Christ, "that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached." This he considered the proof that God sent him. There are so many cruel distinctions among men, that it requires an effort to see, and believe, and remember, that we are all equally the children of God. Even in this, our country, where there is enough for all, children are daily born in damp, dark cellars to an inheritance of miserable poverty and pain: and worse still, hundreds are daily born to slavery, doomed to have all their rights trampled upon, to be bought and sold like four-footed animals: is it not work enough for a child, to learn that these unhappy beings, are all the children of God; that they have a claim upon him as their brothers and sisters, and that they are calling for help from every Christian heart? Is it not work

enough for the child, in his early days, so to study the perfect law of love and liberty, that when his reason is strong, and his highest faculties are matured, he shall be prepared to live a life of self-denial and self-devotion, and to consecrate himself to the cause of humanity, to the service of his suffering brethren?

We hear nothing of the *works* of Jesus when he was a child, we only hear of him as a learner in the temple, hearing and asking questions. A friend of children has said, "To learn to listen to the voice of instruction, and to render it more instructive still by asking questions, this is the beginning of true wisdom. To hear and to ask, is the special duty and chief occupation of childhood and youth. To children therefore, to the young, the example of Jesus, sitting in the temple among the wisest of his nation is peculiarly interesting and useful. In the course of education which divine Providence has laid out for the successive generations of man, it is the calling of the young, not only to overtake those who have set out before them in the way of perfection, but to outrun them in the course." If this should be the work, and is the duty of children, what is the duty of the parents? Are they faithful in this part of the education of children of which we have been speaking? They would have them enter college with honor, and they provide them with competent teachers; they would have them dance well, and they take pains to secure the most accomplished teacher for this purpose. So in religion, as far as it relates to the creed, none but the right faith is allowed; but how many parents are there, who think they are bound to teach to their children the divine science of philanthropy, the true love of man, telling them day by day the simple story of human brotherhood as taught by Jesus, and the



duties that grow out of it, and so prepare them for those duties? Do they teach them this law of universal love repeating line upon line, precept upon precept? and thus kindle in their young hearts a flame that shall never be extinguished till they shall

"Labor with a glorious great intent,  
And never rest, until they forth have brought .  
The eternal brood of glory excellent."

To perform deeds that shall bless others, must be held up to children as their great reward, when they by faithful study of truth and duty, and the surer enlightenment of a life of purity and love, shall become wise enough, perhaps, to know how to do good to their suffering brethren; and good enough, to deserve the joy.

In the mean time, the love that is growing in their hearts will, like an inward sun, illumine their whole being, and unconsciously they will bless all around them.

Therefore, to a child who came to ask me how he should do any good, I would say, 'Seek daily and hourly to *be* good. When you are called upon to make any little sacrifice for the good of another, make it cheerfully, freely. Do what you can; and complain not if it is but little. But remember that in all things, life is at present only your school time. Cherish the desire to bless others, and the holy work shall ere long be given you to do. Learn to look upon every human being as equally with yourself the child of God, however degraded he may be, however the world may cast him off. So that when the ministry of your life here begins, (for every one is a minister of either good or evil) you may be ready to stretch forth the arms of your love towards all your fellow men, and say in the words of your Divine Teacher: "Behold my mother, and my brethren." E. L. F.

## JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

CHILDREN whose parents live in the country are fortunate in this, that their pleasures are simple and natural. The care and love of animals, the observation of nature under every form that our country presents, from the first delicately faint green of the springing herb, to the "sere and yellow leaf" scattered from the tree by autumn winds, is almost forced upon their attention, and unless they are extremely careless observers, they must become acquainted with the beautiful harmony of nature; with the beautiful order in which God has appointed "seed time and harvest, summer and winter."

We cannot but think they are more fortunate than those city children, whose pleasures consist in little evening parties; which, however conducive to kind intercourse and perhaps in a degree to refinement of manners, yet unavoidably include late hours, and abridge those which every child should give to "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The lassitude that succeeds the next day unfits them for study, and we feel assured there is scarcely an evil in education that instructors so much deprecate as late evening parties for their pupils. To say nothing of the excitements of vanity and the consumption of almost poisonous sweetmeats and confectionary; these poor children are anticipating, (instead of enjoying more natural pleasures,) the amusements of a later age; they are exhausting, if one may so say, the pleasures of life, before they begin to live.

But we are straying from the subject, which was, to describe some simple incidents in the childhood of one

very dear to us ; one of those of which Jesus said, " Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The parents of Charles lived in a country village where he could have few pleasures except such as the observation and love of nature afforded. After his morning studies with his father, which were to prepare him for a higher school, he strolled in the fields, in the shady and sequestered lanes of the country, or upon the breezy uplands and hills, a careless, joyous child of few and happy years. One day, late in the autumn, as he passed an orchard he saw upon the ground many beautiful apples that the wind had shaken from the heavily laden boughs. Without a thought of wrong, he leaped the slight fence and filled his hat with the beautiful fruit, which, as he gathered it, he thought would give so much pleasure to his sisters. He carried it home, and as he divided the fruit, choosing the most beautiful to give away, his eyes sparkled with delight ; but as soon as he had divided the apples among his sisters, he burst into tears, and wept so violently that his father, who was in the next room and heard his sobs, came in to inquire the cause of his grief.

" Father," he said, " I think I have done wrong. I have taken what was not mine, to give to my sisters ;" and he related the gathering of the apples in the farmer's orchard.

" Certainly, my dear boy," said his father, " you have done a great wrong, although you acted from an amiable and generous impulse—the wish to give pleasure to your sisters : but you must not rob a good man of his apples for that purpose ; we must be just before we are generous ; we must earn the right to give, before we can enjoy the pleasure of giving. Take back the apples and

restore them to the farmer from whose orchard you took them."

But many of the apples were already eaten, and what could poor Charles do? He looked with tearful eyes at his father. "Have you not saved," he asked gently of his little son, "some of your cents, your pocket money? Go to the shop in the village where with your few cents you can buy apples enough to replace those you took from the orchard."

Mortified and melancholy, Charles did as his father desired; carried back the apples and restored them with such a gentle and sweet acknowledgment of his fault, that the farmer and his wife were from that moment his friends. They asked him to go in, to see their bees, their young animals, and to take some of their rich fruits and cream. But Charles felt too much mortified at his involuntary fault to be able then to accept their kindness.

A few months afterwards, however, he went to visit the farmer, and his kind wife. They were surrounded by all the noisy tenants of a large farm. Oxen were chewing the cud while waiting patiently for the yoke to be placed upon their necks. Cows were resting lazily in the luxuriant clover; bees were hovering over a bed of pennyroyal and thyme; ducks, goslings and young chickens were enjoying the sunshine; the latter the most beautiful of these young and helpless creatures that seem to appeal to the heart of man for protection, and of which it has been said, "God hears the young ravens when they cry!"

The farmer's wife was much pleased to see Charles again, and went with him to see her hives of bees, her young calves, that she fed from her own hand, and her flocks of feathered creatures. When she entered the



poultry yard with her bowl of corn in her hand, the excitement among these dependents upon her bounty was very amusing to Charles. First a flock of snow white geese came waddling towards her; then the ducks with their royal heads of green, purple, and gold; the silly turkeys, led on by the stately turkeycock, followed. But the flocks of eager and many colored red-legged pigeons, with their delicate feet almost fringed with feathers, had not waited for these slow movers; they had hurried and flown at the first sound of the opening gate, and covered the farmer's wife from head to foot, lighting upon her arms, her shoulders, and even upon her head. Then she told Charles she would introduce him to the prettiest little brood of chickens she had ever had. She went to a corner of the yard where the anxious mother, the hen, was in a small coop surrounded with eight of the most beautiful little creatures just covered with tender down. Charles could hardly bear to see the distress of the poor mother as they drew near her young. The chickens were all outside of the coop. She called, she entreated, she spread her wings as wide as she could, she tried to break through the bars of her coop; her agony seemed intense. But when the farmer's wife took two away she did not seem to miss them, she became calm, she had six left. The happy mother had not the faculty of counting, and unlike the human mother, she did not feel that she had been bereaved of her treasures; she did not feel the void in the circle of her blessings while she had six left.

The farmer's wife selected two; one purely white without a shade of color; the other a little spotted with brown, and with a little tuft of brown feathers upon its head. "The white one" she said, "is for your sister

Lucy; give it to her with my love, for it is fair like herself; the other, the brown-headed one, is for you, for you have a little brown-haired pate;" and she patted his brown curls as she gave him the two birds.

Charles was delighted with the present. They were placed in a little basket with some cotton, and he was so eager to carry this present to his sister, that he ran without stopping, the whole long way of more than a mile from the farmer's to his father's house.

Breathless with joy, and with impatience to communicate his pleasure, he opened hastily his basket; but alas! the beautiful little white chicken lay upon its back, gasped for a few seconds, and then as Charles took it tenderly in his hand, he found that it was dead! Ah! hot tears gushed from his eyes! Charles had in his eagerness to give pleasure to his sister, run too fast, and perhaps in his quick motion had shaken the basket too much, and the delicate little creature had lost its breath. It was dead!

Death when first seen by a child is mysterious and terrible. Only those who believe the "angel of death" is a kind and gentle messenger sent to lead us to a higher state of existence; or that "death is only an incident in our ever-continuing life," can look calmly upon death.

As soon as his tears had ceased, Charles' first thought was for his sister. It was *her* bird that had died—not his. His own was as lively as ever. What shall I do? he said to himself; this bird is the one given to *me*, and the one given to Lucy is dead! She did not know that she was to have a present of a young chicken. I need not tell her. I can keep this one which is undoubtedly my own, and she will never know there was another in-

tended for her. Charles had a little struggle in his own mind, for all children love to have something which they can call *all* their own ; something, whether a cat, or a dog, a bird, a squirrel, or even a mouse, which is their own property, and upon which they can lavish their love and their care ; although from ignorance their care often becomes a torment to the poor animal.

But the ungenerous struggle soon ceased. Charles felt himself blush deeply that he could for a moment have had the wish to keep the living bird, although it was the one given to him. He took the little dead bird in his hand ; it was soft and warm, and he felt as if he could love it almost as much as the one that was living. But when he looked at the other, at its little brown eyes, and at its delicate beak that seemed to open as asking for food, at the slender little claws that could hardly support its body—Ah ! no, he said, Lucy shall have *this* ; she will feed and tend it, and she will be so happy to hold it in her little soft hands, and to cherish it in her lap. How could I for a moment think of keeping it for my own ? Charles carried the spotted chicken, and gave it to his little sister Lucy.

E. L.

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POVERTY, when frankly acknowledged and nobly supported, instead of casting a shade, throws a brighter lustre on sterling worth : and the proud sheaves of the elder sons of fortune bow down before the humble sheaf of the less favored and more deserving brother.

C. FOLLEN.

## GOOD LITTLE VIOLET.

[CONTINUED FROM THE LAST NO.]

It was a lovely night when the fairies met again upon the green sward. The neglected fireflies came not to them in groups of living golden flowers, but they flitted among the thick trees, like bright stars which have left the sky to play together in the branches. The unclouded moon sent down her light, like a flood of etherialized silver. As night passed on, the group increased, and they came flitting through the air, into the verdant glen, even as the large beautiful snowflakes float softly down upon an evergreen.

When midnight arrived, all were there but Good Little Violet; and Rose feared that something had happened to her, after she left her side, where she had earnestly requested that she might remain. When she inquired for her, she found that none of the fairies had met her in their wanderings. All grieved for the absence of their little favorite; but, thinking that if present she would take no active part in the choice of a future queen, they resolved not to delay the selection upon her account.

When the fairies were each called upon, to bring their trophies, Mignonette danced forward, with sparkling eyes and dimpled cheek, and said that she had gained naught but the heart of an old hermit, which she had won after a year's hard trial. The fairies laughed, and shook their wings with glee, but thought that something better than this might yet be brought.

Then Dahlia came forward with a lyre made of dried reeds, from which she could bring the most ravishing strains of music. When she ceased the fairies all raised



their wands, and waved their wings, in token of applause. So enchanting had been the music of Dahlia that, while its spell was upon them, they would all willingly have chosen her for their queen; but Rose bade them wait until they had seen what the others might bring.

Then Tulip advanced to the centre of the ring bearing a ponderous urn; and, raising from it a magical veil, she displayed to their admiring view, a gigantic tulip of the most magnificent hues and perfect form. Then she told them how, for the past year, she had tended the shrub upon which it blossomed—how she had watched until the bud appeared, and then how constantly she had guarded it—how, when it was withering from drought, she had brought water from the mountain stream, or dew from some low hung cloud, and that she had shielded it, with her own wings, when the noontide sun shone fiercely upon it—that she had waved away the insects, whenever they flew towards it, and driven from it each reptile which dared intrude upon its stem—and that, every morn, she had opened its petals with her wand, and closed them every night. In truth, she had never left it. Its size and splendor were not the result of accident, but of carefulness and toil. Among these fairy florists it seemed as though nothing could be more worthy of admiration than this gorgeous flower, and they would, at once, have decreed the crown to Tulip, but Rose bade them still wait.

Narcissus stepped to the centre of the circle, with a slow, firm tread, and concealing, under her folded wings a small casket. She raised the lid, and a blaze of light illuminated the glen. A brilliant diamond was the reward of her year's labor, and she told them that her time had been passed far from the light of sun, or moon,

or any of the beautiful scenes of nature. She had been in a dark cavern from night till morn, and from morn to night again, watching, with unceasing care, the crystals of carbon as they formed, beneath her wand, into this dazzling gem. She had toiled long, in unbroken darkness, and longer still ere the first faint gleams of light had concentrated to this radiant blaze.

There was a loud rustle of applauding wings, and a murmur of delighted voices, as this glittering diamond, so rare, so valuable, and so hardly gained, was raised from the casket, and they would have decided that Narcissus should be queen, but Rose entreated them to wait.

Then Lily glided forward, folding her wings over a magical glass ; and, addressing the silent group, she told them that though, of flowers, nothing could ever rival that of Tulip, and, of gems, none would equal the diamond of Narcissus, yet that there was beauty of another kind surpassing even these. The beauty of the human face and form, she told them, was far superior to aught of nature ; and, raising her glass, they beheld in it the countenance of a surpassingly beautiful female. There was an instantaneous rush of opening wings, and as quickly were they crossed upon their breasts, in token of deference. Lily smiled sweetly at this involuntary tribute, and then, reversing her mirror, she showed them the ugliest looking little mortal they had ever seen. The fairies closed their eyes in disgust, and then Lily told them that this horrible looking little girl was the daughter of a powerful king, and the destined queen of a great country. When she had first seen her she was weeping, in her own chamber, for her deformity, and resolving to resign her crown that she might, henceforth, live in seclusion. Then Lily had taken her wand, and, when the

princess was asleep, had endeavored to mould her form and features to regularity and beauty. This she had done every night for months before there was a perceptible improvement; but, after that, the change was rapid. As the princess never looked into a mirror, and allowed none to come near her, in her darkened room, the year had nearly expired ere she knew she was beautiful. But one day they came, and told her that the king, her father, had been suddenly killed, and that she must assume the crown and sceptre. The new queen mourned bitterly, but consented, for once, to exercise the royal power, only that she might resign it. Then they brought her the regal robe, mantle, sceptre, and crown, and when she arrayed herself in them, her maidens fell down before her, dazzled by her transcendant beauty. She called for her mirror, and wept for joy when they assured her that its reflection was no illusion.

The fairies were all impatient to crown Lily as their queen, when she told them that the visions in the glass were of the once ugly, but now beautiful princess. Rose bade them wait until Amaranth had brought her trophy, for she looked as though anxious to communicate something. Her wings fluttered, and her wand shook, as she advanced to the centre; but, resuming courage, she told them that she had not endeavored to outvie her sisters in some specimens of beauty, but that she had dreamed wildly of fame and renown, and passed her year in constant study. Then she produced, from beneath her wings, a slight roll of delicate papyrus, upon which was engraved, with her wand, a *poem*.

The fairies looked with more awe than pleasure upon Amaranth, as they became aware of her superiority; and, though they acknowledged that her brow should be

encircled with the coronet of immortal fame, they seemed unwilling to bestow that of fairy sovereignty. Rose requested them to examine the poem, for she thought there might be a charm in it which would subdue them all to deference. But, while many clustered around her to review this strange production, there were more who collected into little groups, relating to each other their adventures.

For some had banded together to make  
The ponderous bell of the old church shake,  
And when its clang reached the cotter's home,  
He thought that the end of the world had come.  
And some had stripped the long gray moss,  
With their little hands, from the way-side cross.  
And some had swept at night all the dew  
From the farmer's field, where the best grass grew ;  
His heart grew sad as he saw it decay,  
And he marvelled much that it withered away.  
Some, with their busy hands, had torn  
The germs away from the spears of corn,  
While the owner wondered much at the blight,  
Which came on his crops in the stilly night.  
Some had rifled the orchard of seeds,  
And some had planted the garden with weeds ;  
And some at night had finished so neat  
The task which the housewife had failed to complete,  
And dropped, ere morn, in the neat maid's shoe,  
The sixpence bright which she marvelled to view ;  
Or made the heart of the poor man light,  
As he scanned the gift of a little sprite.

But the light of dawn appeared, to still the fairies' revelry, and they all separated to their mimic labors, promising to meet the next night, and select, from the rival claimants, their future queen.

H. F.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE BREATH OF LIFE.

Joy is the spirit's element,  
And joy is every where ;  
Not in a local heaven pent,  
But free as vital air.  
For ever hath she fed the soul ;  
For aye her melodies shall roll.

The morning stars together sang,  
In answer to her call ;  
When earth to life and beauty sprang,  
She graced and quickened all.  
Unveiled shall be her perfect day,  
When'er the heavens shall pass away.

Where Alpine torrents plunge and hiss,  
And urge their wild career,  
There, breathless o'er the dim abyss,  
The shepherd bends to hear  
How, sporting in the viewless showers,  
Joy her deep song of homage pours.

Now smiling in a Lapland home,  
Or couched in turfy vales ;  
Now awful, throned in the Simoom,  
Or winged with ocean gales ;  
Now entering halls where princes dwell ;  
Now, borne by dreams, to the prison cell :

Deep is her power to sway the will,  
Chaunting in nature's lays ;  
With deeper power her accents thrill  
In apostolic praise ;  
But deeper when—awhile aloof—  
She speeds to hallow heaven's reproof.

Joy is the spirit's element,  
And joy is every where,  
Away, then, with the weak complaint,  
Away with dread and care !  
Around her is a radiant throng ;  
Help thou, their everlasting song.

ANON.

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### PLAYING TRICKS.

MOST of our young friends are probably reminded by this title, of one of their favorite amusements. There is never a group of lively young people, in which several do not excel in the art of producing shouts of merriment by practical jokes of this kind. Many games are founded on it, and the boy or girl who is most ingenious in devising plans for amusing the many at the expense of the few, is always a general favorite.

We are not intending to check this natural propensity in our young readers, by telling them that it is in itself very wrong or very improper. In presenting them with the following story, we expect them to laugh heartily at the trick played by a young rogue upon an old gentleman. And yet when they shall have come to the end of it, we have too good an opinion of them to believe they would wish to engage in a similar prank. But as young people will always find pleasure in expressing the gaiety of their hearts, by practising tricks on one another, as well as their elders, they may very properly inquire, whether any general directions can be given for the regulation of this frolicsome propensity? Happily, the same rule which should regulate all their graver actions,

will equally apply to their most mirthful sallies—that of doing as they would be done by. There are innumerable ridiculous surprises, comical quizzings, laughable blunders, odd fashions and ludicrous peculiarities for them to invent or show up, which afford as much entertainment to the person upon whom the joke is practised, as to its performers ; and when he who plays the trick is quite sure that he would be willing to exchange places with him who is the subject of it, he may proceed with safety. But whenever he feels that displeasure, mortification and embarrassment would be experienced by himself, were he in the situation of the person at whom he aims his fun, let him desist immediately, and remember that no real pleasure can ever be purchased by another's pain.

The story here translated, which has given rise to these remarks, is entitled by Goethe in the original, "The Dangerous Wager." It is founded upon a well-known German custom, which may be new to some of our readers—the unbounded license permitted to young men during their college life. It is not the place here to inquire into the origin of this relaxation of discipline at so critical a period ; it ceases with the term of public education, and upon leaving the university, the wild bursch is at once transformed into the sober man, and bowed down beneath the stern rule of an arbitrary government.

If our young friends should be disposed at any time to complain of the strictness of parental, school, or college discipline, let them remember that the solemn boon of liberty, the privilege of being the free citizens of a free country, can be wisely enjoyed by those only who have been early and perseveringly taught to govern them-

selves, through obedience to the higher reason of their parents and instructors. He who is to be free through all his mature age, cannot learn too soon that true liberty consists in a constant subjection to the laws of virtue.

“It is well known that as soon as things prosper with men and go on according to their mind, they conceive wild pranks from very wantonness ; and in like manner, jovial students are accustomed during the holidays, to traverse the country in companies, and perform mad capers which are not always attended with the best consequences.

Brought together and united in the student life, they are of various characters. Unequal in birth and property, in understanding and cultivation, they are all associated in one spirit of merriment, and are prompted to sally forth and drive on together. They often chose me to bear them company, and as I could carry a heavier load than any of them, they conferred on me the honorable title of leader of the band, principally however, because my feats, though less frequent, were more boldly executed than theirs, of which the following may afford a proof.

We had reached in our wanderings an agreeable mountain village which had the advantage of a post-house, though the situation was retired. There we determined to rest ourselves, saunter away the time, live cheaper for a while, and so have more money to spend. It was just after dinner ; some of us were alert, and some were languid. The latter lounged and slept, the others were all ready for a frolic. We occupied two large chambers in the side wing, looking into the court-yard.

A handsome equipage which rattled in with four horses drew us to the window. The servants sprang from



the coach box, and helped out a gentleman of a stately and dignified appearance, who notwithstanding his years, moved with considerable activity. His large well-formed nose first struck my eye, and I know not what spirit of mischief inspired me at the moment to invent the wildest scheme, and begin to execute it without farther consideration.

‘What do you think of this gentleman?’ I asked the company.—‘He looks,’ replied one, ‘as if he would not allow himself to be played with.’—‘Yes, yes,’ said another, ‘his whole appearance has the air of a real *Touch-me-not*.’ ‘But for all that,’ answered I, with great composure, ‘what will you bet that I do not pull his nose for him without coming to harm by it; I will even make him feel obliged to me for the favor.’

‘If you can do that,’ said Wildfellow, ‘we will every one of us pay you a louis d’or.’—‘Stake your money for me then,’ I cried, ‘I take you up.’—‘I would sooner pull a hair from a lion’s muzzle,’ cried the titman of the party.—‘I have no time to lose,’ I replied, and sprang down the stairs.

With my first look at the stranger I had perceived that he wore a very stiff beard, and I conjectured that none of his attendants were able to shave.

I directly met the butler, and inquired, ‘Has not the stranger asked for a barber?’—‘He has indeed,’ replied the butler, ‘and needs him sorely. The gentleman’s valet has remained behind now for two days. The gentleman insists upon getting rid of his beard, and our only barber has wandered off into the neighborhood, nobody knows where.’

‘Introduce me then,’ I replied, ‘only carry me in to the gentleman as the barber, and I’ll bless you.’ I

seized on the shaving implements which I found in the house, and followed the butler.

The old gentleman received me with great gravity, surveyed me from head to foot, as if he would decipher my capability out of my physiognomy, and inquired, 'Do you understand your business?'

'Without boasting,' replied I, 'I should like to see my match.'—I was indeed quite sure of my case, for I had early practised the noble art of shaving, and was particularly celebrated because I held the razor in my left hand.

The chamber in which the gentleman made his toilette opened on the court yard, and was so situated that our party could conveniently look into it, especially when the windows were open. The preliminaries were now all settled. My patron had seated himself and spread out the napkin. I stepped before him quite modestly and said, 'Your Excellency, a queer thing has always happened to me in the exercise of my profession—it is, that I can shave common people better and with greater facility than persons of quality. I thought about it a great while, and looked here and there for the cause; but presently I discovered that I could shave much better in the open air than in close apartments. If your Excellency therefore will permit me to open the window, you will soon perceive the effect to your satisfaction.' He consented. I opened the window, tipped the wink to my companions, and began with great decorum to lather the stiff beard. As I quickly and lightly mowed away the stubble-field, I failed not when I reached the upper lip, to take hold of my patron by the nose, and to move it up and down perceptibly, contriving so to place myself, that the betters should be fairly compelled to acknowledge that they had lost their wager.

'The gentleman moved towards the looking-glass with great dignity. They saw that he contemplated himself with some satisfaction, and he was indeed a very handsome man. He then turned towards me with a dark and penetrating, though friendly look, and said, 'You merit, my friend, to be commended above most of your profession, for I perceive that you are far less awkward than the generality—you do not go two or three times over the same place, but finish at one stroke—moreover, you do not, like many, stroke your razor on the flat of your hand, and pass the foul stuff over the person's nose. The dexterity also of your left hand is especially remarkable. Here is something for your trouble,' he continued, while he offered me a gilder. 'One thing however, you should observe, not to take hold of people of quality by the nose. If you will avoid in future that boorish habit, you may soon make your fortune in the world.'

I bowed low, promised every thing, entreated him upon his return to honor me again with his custom, and hastened with all speed to my young companions, who had at length occasioned me considerable anxiety. For they raised such peals and shouts of laughter, leaped around the room like mad creatures, clapped and roared, awoke the sleepers, and related the adventure with such ever fresh laughter and roaring, that as I entered the room I closed the windows instantly, and implored them, for heaven's sake, to be quiet; though at last I was obliged to laugh with them, when I looked back on the ridiculous business which I had performed with so much gravity.

When after some time, the tumultuous waves of merriment had in a degree subsided, I thought myself quite fortunate. The gold pieces I held fast in my pocket, besides the well-earned gilder, and I considered myself

as completely furnished, which was particularly desirable for me, as the party had determined to separate the following day. But it was not destined for us to depart in quietness and order. The story was too good for them to keep to themselves, although I had conjured and entreated them to remain silent until the old gentleman had gone away. One of us, nicknamed the carrier, had an understanding with the daughter of the innkeeper. They met together, and alas, he knew no better way of entertaining her, than by relating the trick. They laughed together till they cried. It did not rest there: the girl continued to laugh, and spread the story farther, until just before bed-time it reached the old gentleman himself.

We were sitting quieter than usual, for there had been more than enough of frolicking through the day, when the little butler, who was entirely devoted to us, suddenly rushed in, and cried, 'Save yourselves, they will beat you to death!' We started up and wished to learn more, but he was already out of the door and away. I sprang forward and drew the bolt, but already we heard a knocking and beating at the door, and even fancied we heard it split in two with an axe. Mechanically, we retreated into the second apartment. All were hush. 'We are betrayed!' I cried. Wildfellow felt for his dagger, but I here exerted my herculean strength, and shoved without assistance a heavy chest of drawers before the door, which fortunately opened on the inside. Yet we still heard a bustle in the antichamber, and the most vehement blows upon our door.

Our titled companion appeared resolved to defend himself, but again and again I called to him and to the rest, 'Save yourselves, it is not blows alone which you have



here to fear, but what is still worse for the nobly born, disgrace.'—The damsel hurried in, the same who had betrayed us; she was in despair on knowing of our mortal peril. 'Away, away,' she cried, 'I will conduct you through garrets, sheds and passages—come all of you, the last one must draw the ladder after him.'

All now hastened out by the back door. I still placed a trunk upon the top of a chest, to keep back and hold together the already bursting pannels of the besieged door. But my perseverance and resistance were to be my ruin. When I ran off to overtake the others, I found that the ladder had already been taken away, and I saw that all hope of saving myself was completely cut off.\* And who knows—permit me in your thoughts to stand there still, since I am here to tell you the story. You only have yet to learn that this wild prank ended in disastrous consequences.

The old gentleman, deeply mortified at having been mocked without redress, took it so to heart that the affair was asserted to have hastened, if it did not immediately occasion, his death, which happened soon afterwards. His son, endeavoring to get upon the track of the rogues, unfortunately discovered that the baron was a party concerned, and becoming quite certain of it some years afterwards he sent him a challenge, and inflicted a wound which disfigured his very handsome person and embittered his whole life. Through accidental circumstances connected with it, this transaction also destroyed some of the fairest years of his opponent.

Now as every story should have its moral, that of the present must be most clear and obvious to you all."

\* Here however I stand, I myself, the sole transgressor, who despaired of escaping with a whole skin and unbroken bones.

## OF MINERALS.

I SHALL finish what I have to say of compounds, and of what the earth is made of, by saying a very few words of some of the principal minerals. Of course they must all be formed of the substances I have been speaking of, for all things are made up of them. I shall thus have brought you to things we actually see about us, to the earth we tread upon, and you will know something of its composition. *How* it was made with all its rocks and different soils, is a most curious history—as strange, some parts of it, as a fairy story. Some day you shall have it, if I can write it out.

First, now, I must speak of the *quantity* of some of the simpler substances in the earth. Among the elements, oxygen has been calculated to compose *one half* of the whole globe, reckoning both living and dead substances. Among the oxides, you remember the six important earths I mentioned. Of these, silica forms forty five-hundredths of the inanimate or dead part of the globe, or nearly one half; alumina one tenth; and lime mixed with silica or with carbon, forms one-seventh; and potassa, soda and magnesia are very abundant.

But of course they are not generally found pure. Our rocks and stone walls and gravel are not made of heaps soda, or lumps of magnesia, or bits of potassa. These earths and the other different substances combine together to form *minerals*, and then different minerals unite together to form *rocks*.

Eight or nine minerals form the great proportion of all known rocks and earths. Their names are these—quartz, feldspar, mica, hornblende, carbonate of lime,

talc, including chlorite and soapstone, augite, and serpentine. With most or all these oxide of iron is very commonly mixed. I will tell you what each of these is. Quartz is pure silica or silex : feldspar consists of silex, alumine, lime, the alkali potash, and generally a little oxide of iron ; mica is silex, alumine and potash ; hornblende and augite are silex, alumine, lime and magnesia ; carbonate of lime you know already ; talc, soapstone and serpentine are silex, magnesia and water. In all these there are small quantities of other substances, especially oxide of iron, and oxide of manganese.

The greater part of all rocks then is composed of these minerals. I shall have more to say of rocks by and bye ; but here perhaps you would like to know what some of those most familiar to you are made of. Granite is composed of three, feldspar, quartz and mica. If you examine a piece of coarse granite, you can easily distinguish them : the mica is black and glistening ; the feldspar is gray, and the quartz white. Sands and gravels contain all kinds of minerals mingled together, with sometimes the most of one, sometimes of another ; sands generally are chiefly composed of minute particles of quartz or silex. The different clays are formed of alumine, silex and water, with small quantities of other substances. Sandstone and freestone is hardened sand ; and slates such as you use in school, and such as are used to cover houses with, are hardened clay : what hardened them I will tell you some other time. The great flat gray stones that some of the city sidewalks are made of, are mica slate, composed of quartz and mica. In some of the towns near Boston, especially in Brighton, Brookline, and Roxbury, almost all the rock is of a kind they call plum-pudding stone. It is a gray rock filled with rounded

hard stones of very different sizes and different colors, which look in it like plums in a pudding. It is said that the giants once in that part of the country had a feast, and made a great quantity of hasty-pudding with plums in it; and in carrying it about to each other's houses (for they were very sociable giants) they clumsily spilt a great deal, which hardened into this pudding-stone. But I hardly believe this story. However there the pudding is, and what were once the plums, are now bits of quartz, feldspar, and a mineral called argillite, which is the same as the clay slates, formed chiefly of silex and alumine. Lastly the soil on the surface of the earth, in which our plants and trees grow, is some kind of sand, gravel or clay, mixed with decayed vegetable matter, and it is this last which gives it its black color and makes it what we call rich.

Of course there are other rocks; and of minerals a vast variety, the description of which fills a thick volume. I have only room here to say a word of some of the precious stones, for these too are all formed of these dull earths. Thus the amethyst, the opal, and jasper, and agate, are silex or flint nearly pure; the sapphire is alumine nearly pure; the turquoise is alumine and water; the ruby alumine and magnesia; the topaz is alumine, silex and fluoric acid; the emerald and beryl are alumine, silex and glucinium; the garnet alumine, silex and lime.

Thus I have led you from the simple elements of which all things are composed, up through the simple compounds, till we have arrived at the rocks and earths we see about us. Remember all the time, that I have not tried to give you an idea of the number and variety of things there are in the world. This I could not do in such short pieces



as these. If you look into books of chemistry and mineralogy, you will soon find how great the number is. I have chosen only the most important, and of these I have told you but little of what I might have said.

Now suppose you carry out this study I have begun with you; suppose you learn all the curious qualities of these substances I have mentioned; all about the curious powers that are ever at work amongst them; what a different world it will be to you from what it is to him who is ignorant of all this! The same pictures are before his eye as before yours—he may enjoy their beauty perhaps as much as you—but beyond and beside that, it is to you what it cannot be to him, a storehouse of wonders. To you no stone or blade of grass is so small as to be insignificant; for you know that even these little things are formed and governed by God's great laws as much as suns and planets. A pebble which he would not even notice, may seem to you to be worth deep study.

The Abbé Haüy was a Frenchman famous for his great knowledge of minerals. He was once visiting a nobleman who had a very fine collection, and was desirous of showing him a certain very rare and perfect crystal he possessed. The Abbé took it in his hand to examine it, when unfortunately he let it drop upon the marble floor, and it broke into a hundred pieces. The Abbé in his confusion at the accident, stooped to pick up the pieces. Something struck him about one of them so much, that, notwithstanding his embarrassment at his awkwardness, he asked if he might take the pieces home. The nobleman politely pardoned him, and gave him the pieces. The Abbé took them, and from the accident resulted very important discoveries relative to crystals. Now what did he see so curious in the broken crystal?

Nothing but that one of its sides was smooth, as its surface had been, while the others were rough and ragged. But this little fact revealed to *him* an important truth, for he had learned in little facts to see great laws, and to ask a reason for all he saw. What a different world from his who knows of nothing but what his eye can see! Is it not worth an effort to enter into this new world that lies behind the fair picture we all can see?

But you say, This study after all is dull and dry to me. I am satisfied with seeing the beautiful picture: I do not want anything more. No. Satisfied with the picture only, you cannot always be. You will long to know all that can be known, and to see it with those other eyes that see so much more. Would you learn how to reach that other view? Some other time I will tell you, for I believe I have found the way.

But while we are delving among rocks and stones, shall we neglect all the beautiful things that grow upon them; or are plants and trees an exception to all other things, and is there nothing curious to be learned of them? By no means. If I wished to choose an example of skill more beautiful and wonderful than others, next to the structure of our own bodies I should choose the structure and growth of plants. Of this then I will tell you, but next time I intend to give you the lecture on crystals I promised you some time ago.

W. P. A.

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POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—He who slew Goliath could not stand before the ewe lamb in the parable.

C. FOLLEN.

## THE WHITE ROSE.

"MOTHER," said Agnes Nelson, "you tell me to cultivate character. Pray what do you mean by 'character'?" "I mean, my dear, that you should cultivate those qualities that make you self-dependent—happy in yourself, and at the same time useful to others. I mean that you should be firm in the right, cost what it may; you know, my dear, that you are not as benevolent as I wish. Remember that any little sacrifice that you make of your own pleasure, with good will, to please, or benefit another, will cultivate your benevolence." "Well mamma, I will do my best, and I hope if I fail sometimes, you will pity me and forgive me." "I shall remember, my dear child, that I too am weak and liable to err."

Mrs. Nelson observed with much pleasure that her daughter made many little sacrifices and strove earnestly to *be*, as well as to seem an unselfish child.

One day she came bounding to her mother in great joy, saying, "Mother, only look at my white rose bush. See, there are two large beautiful buds—O how beautiful—And they will be blossomed just in time for cousin Selma's party, and I shall wear them in my hair—Will they not be charming?" "They will certainly be very lovely," said Mrs. Nelson.

Agnes watched her roses almost constantly, and was continually ejaculating, "Beautiful, beautiful." The day before the party she went with her mother to see a poor little girl, who was very ill of a lame hip. None but those who have witnessed the sufferings of persons afflicted with this disease, can form any idea of its painfulness. The little girl had not walked a step for two

years; but her eyes were bright, a beaming smile was on her face, and she was so patient that every body loved her. Agnes thought, "O that I could give her some of my playthings. I would even give her my doll with the eyes that turn, and the real hair." This was a great sacrifice for Agnes. But she drew near the bed—"Mary," said she, "is there any thing you want? I am sure I should love to give you any thing I have, for I can walk, and do not need playthings as you do." Mary said sweetly, "There is one thing that I have wanted ever since winter came, but I fear I cannot have it." "What is it?" said Agnes eagerly. "A rose," said Mary. Mrs. Nelson looked at her child, and in an instant she saw a tear tremble in her eye, but in a moment more she said cheerfully, "I shall have a rose and a bud tomorrow, Mary, and I will bring them to you, as I go along to cousin Selma's." "O how happy I shall be," said the sick child. Mrs. Nelson and her daughter soon took leave, and Agnes was not a little pleased with her victory over herself. But Mrs. Nelson saw with a degree of pain that Agnes seemed a *little* proud of her sacrifice.

When they arrived at home, Agnes ran to see how her rose prospered. Mrs. N. was startled by hearing her cry out quite in distress. She ran to her mother with the tears streaming down her face, "O mother," said she, "William's rabbit has got at my rose bush and nearly destroyed it. The rose and the bud are gone—what shall I do?"—and she wrung her hands in great trouble. "You must bear it," said Mrs. N. quietly. "Can you not cultivate character by bearing this little trial properly?" "But poor Mary, mamma"—"Is used to trials and distresses, and has learned to make sacrifices," said her mother. Agnes dried her tears, and said, "I will



try not to hate that rabbit, but it is terribly mischievous." A calm and subdued expression soon appeared on the countenance of Agnes. Her mother was delighted. Still Agnes felt sadly with all her resignation, that she had no rose for herself, or little Mary. The next day she prepared for the party calmly, sweetly, still with a degree of sadness. When she was quite ready, her mother gave her a little box; "One half the contents is for you," said she, "the other for Mary More." Agnes opened it and found two beautiful white roses with each a half-blown bud attached. Her heart was full of joy, and she said, "Mamma, I am sure I *can* love William's rabbit." Mrs. Nelson looked at her daughter with a smile which was very sweet, and said, "The mastery you have gained over yourself, dear Agnes, is worth more than many roses."

VIOLA.

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A TRUE STORY.

ONE day Wilton went to his mother's chamber to see for the first time a new little brother. When he came down he said, Aunt N. I want you to thank God for giving me such a nice little brother. His aunt said she had done that already. Yes, said Wilton, but I want you to do it *for me*. His aunt said she was then busy, and could not, so he went off to play by himself in another room. After a while he came back and said, Aunt N. I have been thanking God myself for giving me such a dear little brother.

When Wilton grew older he sometimes did things that were wrong. I mean he sometimes felt cross and did

not do cheerfully what he was told to do. He was not always pleasant and ready to do any thing to make his little brother happy. But one night after he had been in bed a little while he got up and called his aunt N. and with tears and sobbing he said, "Aunt N. will you forgive me for having been sometimes unkind to you, and I will try not to offend you again. I have been praying to God to forgive me for my bad behavior and feelings, and to make me a good little boy."

My dear little children, whenever you are happy, when the sun shines bright, and the merry birds sing, and April showers give hope of bloom in May, when kind friends are with you and make you glad, remember with Wilton, who the Giver of good is. And if you do wrong,—and do you not sometimes? then pray for forgiveness and peace of mind from the Holy Spirit of God.

E. N. P.

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### THE CORNFIELD.

FROM KRUMACHER.

THE harvest moon had ripened the crops of the field. The full ears rustled in the wind, and the husbandman was already gone forth to see whether it was time to send the reapers to gather the harvest. He considered the room in his barns, and calculated the profit which the abundance of his field would bring him. For he was rich, but his heart was insatiable and miserly, and filled with earthly cares.

Then the wise teacher of the parish came up to him

and said : The earth produces this year also an abundance of food. The ears are heavy, and the reapers will soon bind up plenteous sheaves !

That is true ! answered the husbandman, one could scarcely have expected a more fruitful season. The earth will restore the seed with manifold increase.

Then replied the excellent pastor and said : Would that the wise master of the land might imitate the dead clod which he cultivates. The earth receives but little seed and returns many times more. Man has received as much and produces often so little.

These words went to the heart of the miserly husbandman, and he felt ashamed. For he was miserly and full of thought for the morrow and considered only how he should heap up treasures for himself. But he concealed the shame he felt, and said to the pastor : But every one should strive to manage his household properly, that he may at least rejoice, and others also. Therefore man must labor in the sweat of his countenance, that he may, himself abundantly bring forth what is useful, as the well cultivated fields return the seed with increase. Therefore also Nature crowds ear upon ear in the fields, so that the whole field appears like one stalk.

But the pastor replied : Truly is the cornfield like one stalk, and one ear joins the other, so that many are supplied. But the time of sowing is short, and the corn grows without human help, of itself, and produces the stalk and the ear, and the days of the harvest last but a short time. Thus man may behold the field at his leisure, and see the blue speed-well and the brilliant poppy and the purple flower which spring up between the stalks :—he may hear the lark which soars to heaven

out of the furrows. For not without purpose do the flowers bloom and the lark soar upwards from the stalk. They are to remind the master of the field that there is something besides the dust of the furrow and the ear which grows from it, that in his striving after the useful he may remember the beautiful and the good ; and upon the low earth not forget that which is above it.

Thus spoke the excellent clergyman. But the miserly husbandman was offended at what he said, and he listened with gloomy brow and walked away.

For the good teaching of the wise man seemed to his evil heart a bitter mockery.

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#### FROM LAVATER'S APHORISMS.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

He gives me the most perfect idea of a fiend, who suffers at the perfections of others, and enjoys their errors.

Who becomes every day more sagacious in observing his own faults, and the perfections of another, without either envying him, or despairing of himself, is ready to mount the ladder on which angels ascend and descend.

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ERRATA FOR THE JUNE No.—On page 91, line 6 for '*flying*' read *plied* ; page 92, for '*stilness*' read *stillness* ; page 96, line 8, for '*spirits*' read *sprites* ; page 97, line 7, for '*variety*' read *rarity* ; page 99, line 6, for '*strong*' read *stony* ; page 99, line 25, for '*drizzling*' read *dazzling*.